

MARVEL

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LGY#756

GRØNBEKK

KLEIN

WILSON

THOR

THE LEGACY OF
THANOS
PART TWO



MARVEL REMEMBERS



CARLOS PACHECO 1961-2022

"My friend Carlos Pacheco was a sweetheart of a guy who loved comics, the Marvel comics that he read as a child most of all. He brought an enthusiasm to his work that went beyond the drive of the professional — he was truly invested in the characters and their fictitious lives. His work combined the dynamics of John Byrne with the realism of Neal Adams, creating a synthesis that captured the essence of American super hero comics — a form that was exotic to Carlos as he first read the translated stories but which he absorbed and came to embody like a native. A citizen of Spain, the Marvel Universe was his true home."

— TOM BREVOORT

"Carlos was a dream collaborator who made every story better with his ideas, his brilliant storytelling and his beautiful art. But more, he was warmhearted, enthusiastic and a wonderful person. I was thrilled to work with him but happier still to have him as a friend. He will be enormously missed."

— KURT BUSIEK

THOR

“THE LEGACY OF THANOS” PART TWO

THOR IS THE KING OF ASGARD, HAVING RECENTLY TAKEN OVER FOR HIS FATHER, ODIN, WHOSE SPIRIT NOW INHABITS THE GOD OF THUNDER'S HAMMER.

RÚNA IS A VALKYRIE NEARLY AS OLD AS ASGARD ITSELF. ONCE ONE OF THE ORIGINAL NINE VALKYRIES WHO SERVED KING BOR, SHE GOT SEPARATED FROM HER SISTERS AND, FOR UNTOLD MILLENNIA, WAS TRAPPED INSIDE AN UNDEAD CELESTIAL. NOW FREED, SHE SERVES MIDGARD. AND THE DÍSIR--THE CURSED DEMONS WHO ONCE WERE HER FELLOW ORIGINAL VALKYRIES--SERVE HER.

AFTER THE FORMER RIGHT-HAND MAN OF THANOS--CORVUS GLAIVE--KIDNAPPED THOR'S BABY SISTER--LAUSSA ODINSDOTTIR--AND DRAGGED HER AWAY INTO A WASTELAND OF CHAOTIC MAGIC UNTOUCHED SINCE THE DAYS OF THE ORIGINAL VALKYRIES, THOR ASKED RÚNA TO LEAD HIM THERE. BUT WHILE THE PAIR PURSUED CORVUS INTO A MYSTERIOUS CAVE, AWAITING THEM AT THE END OF THEIR TREACHEROUS JOURNEY WAS THOR'S LONG-DEAD GRANDFATHER, BOR.

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my
king--

--YOU
HAVE OUR
SWORDS.

OUR
BLOOD.

THERE IS
NOT ONE AMONG
US WHO WOULD NOT
LAY DOWN OUR
LIVES FOR YOU.

WE
SERVE YOU IN
EVERYTHING--

--EVERYTHING
BUT THIS.



THEN YOU
DO NOT SERVE
ME AT ALL,
VALKYRIE.



GRANDFATHER?
WHAT IS--

PLEASE...
I WANT TO
HEAR THIS.



WE ARE VALKYRIES.

WE HAVE RESPONSIBILITIES TO THE DEAD TOO, MY KING.

THEN FEEL FREE TO JOIN THEM, BRÜN.



BURN IT.

MY LORD... IT IS STILL... **UNSTABLE**. WE CANNOT BE SURE IT WILL WORK.



IT WILL WORK.

WHY ELSE WOULD HE BE HERE?

I DO NOT FOLLOW...



DO YOU NOT SEE?

THE STRANGER IS NOT OF OUR TIME. HE WOULD NOT BE HERE NOW IF IT DID NOT WORK.



HE HAS BREACHED THE DEFENSE! PROTECT THE KING!

BURN IT.



PICK UP YOUR SWORD, BRÜN. MAYBE YOU WILL FIND **ABSOLUTION** FROM YOUR DISLOYALTY ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

YES... my KING.



SISTER...



HOW LIKE A
MORTAL.

EVER TRYING
TO ESCAPE
FACE.

EVER
TRYING TO CLAW
THEIR WAY OUT
OF INEVITABLE
DEATH.

IMPERTINENTLY
BATTLING YOUR
STATION. YOUR
VERY NATURE.

HOW LIKE A
GOD TO DISMISS
THOSE THEY DEEM
BENEATH THEM.

TO HOARD
POWER AND
SQUANDER IT WITH
THEIR LACK
OF VISION.

TO MEET THE
CONCERNS OF THOSE
THEY RULE WITH
INSUFFERABLE
SILENCE.

AFTER ALL,
WHAT WOULD A
GOD KNOW ABOUT
DEATH?

LET
ME SHOW
YOU.



RÚNA,
WHERE WERE...
WHERE ARE
YOU?

I AM DEFENDING THE WESTERN
FRONT. AT THIS MOMENT, WE
ARE RECALLED. WE ARE TOLD
THE KING HAS ENTERED
THE BATTLE.

HE IS FIGHTING
A STRANGER...
ONE WHO IS KILLING
FRIEND AND
FOE ALIKE.

BUT
BEFORE WE GOT
THERE--



WHAT DOES
IT MATTER,
BRÜN?

LET THE
FIRE CLEANSE
THEM.

THE ASHES
OF MEN ARE BUT
THE SHADOWS
OF LIFE.

IT
IS A TIME
ECHO.

MAYBE...
PROBABLY...BUT
WE CANNOT BE SURE.
WE CANNOT TRUST
ANYTHING WE SEE
IN THIS PLACE.

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THANOS?

THANOS?
YOU MEAN THE
STRANGER?

SOME OF
THOSE CLOSE
TO THE EXPLOSION
WERE SHIELDED BY
THE MOUNTAIN, BUT
I DO NOT THINK
HE WAS ONE
OF THEM.

TRUST
ME--HE
WAS.

She is weak.

From the
screaming.

From the
fighting.

From the
blood loss.

It is, all in all,
not like in the
storybooks.

YOU HAVE
TO STOP,
LAUSSA.

STOP
NOW.

YOU MIGHT
HURT ME, BUT
YOU EXHAUST
YOURSELF.

IT
WILL KILL
YOU.

I WOULD
RATHER DIE
THAN HELP
YOU!

NONSENSE.



YOU
LIED TO
ME...

EVERYONE LIES,
ODINSDOTTIR.

YOUR
FATHERS, YOUR
MOTHERS, THE
WORLD AROUND
YOU.

BUT
MOST OF ALL,
YOU LIE TO
YOURSELF...

TO
MAKE LIFE
BEARABLE.

TO
MAKE THE
WORLD MAKE
SENSE.

YOU
MAKE UP YOUR
OWN TRUTHS,
BELIEFS AND
PRINCIPLES...



...YOUR OWN
VALUE.

ALL IN AN
ATTEMPT TO DEFY
THE INDIFFERENCE
OF THE
UNIVERSE.

BUT IN
THE END, THEY
ARE ALL LIES,
LAUSSA.

HOWEVER,
UNLIKE MOST
CREATURES, YOU
HAVE VALUE.

ALTHOUGH
IT IS NOT IN YOUR
THOUGHTS OR IN YOUR
IDEAS...IT IS IN THE
BLOOD IN YOUR
VEINS.



BOR'S
BLOOD.

NOT
AGAIN!

nooo!!!



PEOPLE USED TO THINK WE DECIDED WHO LIVED AND WHO DIED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

AS IF THE VALKYRIES HAD THE POWER TO CONTROL DEATH.

BOR WAS ALWAYS SUSPICIOUS OF IT.



HE DIDN'T LIKE THAT WE HAD LOYALTIES BEYOND HIM.

HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND OUR COMMITMENT TO THE DEAD.

I SUPPOSE GOD-KINGS HAVE A HARD TIME ACCEPTING THAT THERE ARE THINGS OUTSIDE THEIR CONTROL.



IS THAT DIRECTED AT ME?

OH, NOT AT ALL, MY KING.

YOU ARE NOTHING LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER.



...I HOPE.

WHAT ARE THESE

...IT SOUNDS LIKE THEY ARE



THEY ARE...
WELL. BETTER
NOT TO THINK
ABOUT IT.

WHAT
DOES THAT
MEAN?



SOMETHING
IS HUNTING
THEM...



DO
YOU SMELL
THAT?

YES.
DRAUGR.

You never forget
the smell of death.

Or mistake it for
something else.

Only death smells
of death.



That is how the scent
of the Draugr begins.

Then add
bitterness.

Hopelessness.



And
hatred.



AIM
FOR THEIR
HEADS!



Draugrs are
not born.

They begin sometime
before life ends.

With things
unsaid.

Old
regrets.

Betrays.

Pain that lingers
and festers.

Even after
death--

--until they are all
that is left in a
body decayed.



NINE
MOTHERS...

THE
DRAUGR IS...



...IT IS
FEEDING ON
THEM, WHATEVER
THEY ARE.

THEY ARE
MEMORIES.

THE DRAUGS
ARE LIKE
VULTURES.

SCAVENGING
THE CARCASSES
OF THE SOUL, NOT
FOR FLESH, BUT FOR
THOUGHTS... FEELINGS.
MEMORIES.

WHATEVER
IS LEFT WHEN
THE SOUL
DIES.

WE SHOULD BURN
THE BEASTS...
OR PUT THEM
BACK IN THEIR
GRAVES--

BUT...
YOU KNOW.
WE'RE ALREADY
HERE.

WHEN THE
SOUL DIES? WHAT
SOULS? WERE THEY
NOT BROUGHT TO
THE AFTERLIFE?

WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?!

YOU KNOW...THE GREENEST AND
LUSHEST FIELDS GROW WHERE
A BATTLE WAS FOUGHT
THE YEAR BEFORE.

THE CIRCLE OF
LIFE AND ALL
THAT.

BOR'S SORCERERS
THEORIZED THAT LIKE A
DECOMPOSING BODY COULD
FERTILIZE BARREN LAND, THE
SOUL COULD BE PULLED TO
PIECES AND REUSED...

They are walking
through a
graveyard.

THAT THE SPIRITUAL ENERGY LEFT IN THE DEAD COULD BE HARNESSSED...

...AND FORGED INTO SOMETHING NEW.

But this place is anything but dead.

It feels like the ground is breathing.

BUT IT TAKES GREAT POWER TO BREAK A SOUL TO PIECES.

BOR STILL HAD THE SHELL OF THE GALACTUS SEED.

HE USED IT AS TINDER, BURNING IT IN THE DEEP, ETERNAL FLAMES OF THIS MOUNTAIN.

IT WAS RECKLESS. UNPREDICTABLE... IT WAS...

EH? DO YOU...

Slow and deep breaths.

DO YOU SEE... THE SAME THING AS I SEE? IN THE MIRROR? DO YOU SEE THEM?

He does not.

What the mirror shows Thor makes his blood freeze.

NEVER MIND. BETTER... BETTER NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.

LAUSSA!

CLINKK

The door does not open.

Corvus Glaive's anger is misjudged.

The glaive can cut through stone, carbon and vibranium. It can split atoms.

But faced with Asgardian blood magic, it falls rather short.

His fury seems to disturb the mountain.

The air.

The stone and amber.

...The dead.

Laussa needs to make a choice.

Tell him why it does not work--

--and hope for mercy.

Or use her last strength to fight.

The mountain comes alive around them.

RRRRMMBULLLEE



STOP.

ANY CLOSER,
AND YOUR
SISTER DIES,
ODINSON.

Corvus Glaive feels
scared and elated
at the same time.

The power he craves is here. Still
undiluted after all this time.

OH, GOOD.
YOU CAN UNDERSTAND
SIMPLE ARITHMETIC
AFTER ALL.

I WAS NOT
SURE YOU WOULD.
YOUR REPUTATION DOES
RATHER PRECEDE
YOU, THOR.



CORVUS
GLAIVE. HURTING
A CHILD...



...IS
NOTHING BENEATH
YOU?

WE HAVE
INCOMING!

THE GIRL IS OF
NO CONSEQUENCE.
HER BLOOD IS ALL
THAT MATTERS.

He just needs
to get to it.



BUT IF YOU
WANT TO SPARE YOUR
KIN MORE SUFFERING,
THERE IS SOMETHING
YOU CAN DO.

AND
WHAT WOULD
THAT BE?



BLEED.





She watches
them fight.

She knows what
will happen, of
course.

For a moment, she
wonders if she
should step in.

Say
something.

But she already
knows that she
will not.



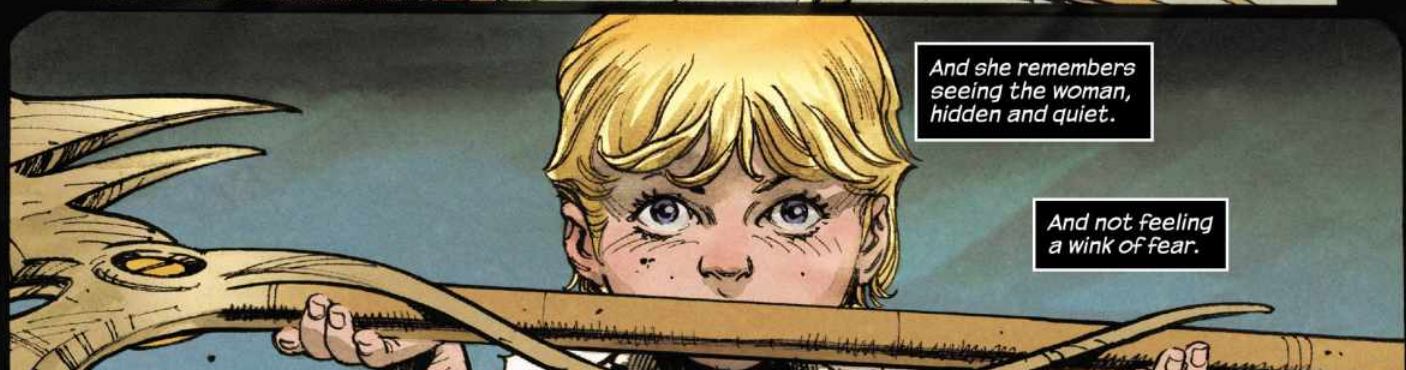
That is the comfort
of being in the past.

Everything that
happens has already
happened.



She remembers knowing
that the glaive was
important.

She remembers
how heavy it was.



And she remembers
seeing the woman,
hidden and quiet.

And not feeling
a wink of fear.



YOU ARE NOT GOING TO KILL ME, THOR?

NO. NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.

A COWARD AS WELL AS A BRUTE. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD COUNT MYSELF LUCKY.

THERE ARE MANY FATES WORSE THAN DEATH, CORVUS.

NO, THERE ARE NOT. NOT ANYMORE.

THOR...? I AM...IN PAIN.

The significance of his last words will not be clear until later.



ARRGH!!

NO! STOP IT!

By then--



SA
R
K
K

I DID NOT...

--it will be too late.



In the time to come, Thor will think back on this moment and wonder if things would have unfolded differently if he had walked away--

MAKE IT STOP. MAKE IT STOP!

PLEASE, SON. I BEG YOU...LEAVE THIS PLACE.

--and left the secrets of his bloodline in the past.

(It would have made
no difference.)

I'M SORRY,
FATHER...

Meanwhile, the magic-warped beetle has
completed its journey from the cavern
to Midgard...



...to relay a message
to its master.

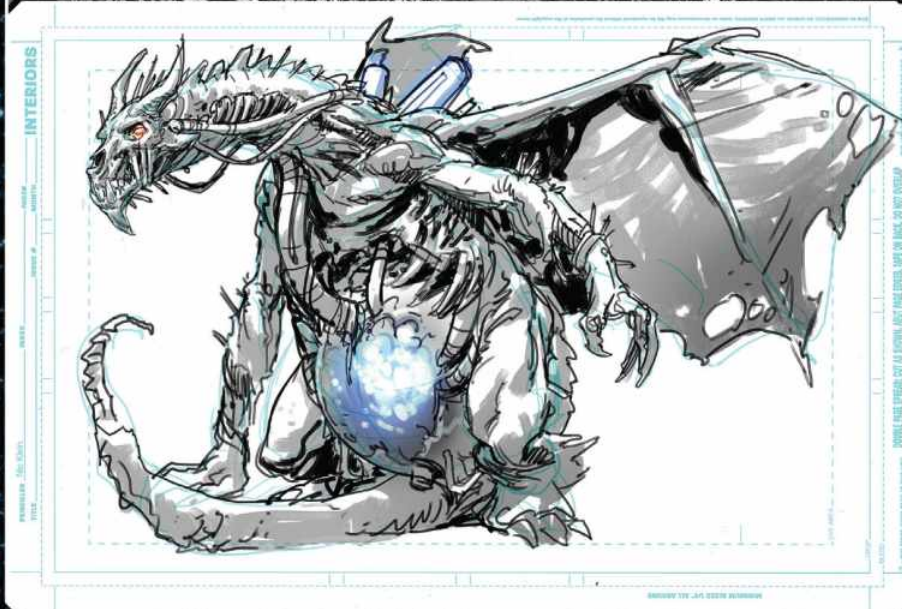
IT IS
XKMY.

AT
LAST.



HELLO, READERS! EDITOR WIL MOSS HERE, WELCOMING YOU TO A MAJOR TURNING POINT IN THE STORY OF ALL-FATHER THOR! WHAT WAS SO TERRIBLE THAT BOR LOCKED IT AWAY FOR CENTURIES? WHAT DOES THANOS HAVE TO DO WITH IT? AND WAIT, ON THE LAST PAGE... WAS THAT DOCTOR DOOM?! COME BACK NEXT MONTH FOR THE TRULY SHOCKING NEXT CHAPTER OF THIS STORY!

BUT FIRST, HOW ABOUT A SNEAK PEEK AT SOME OF THE MADNESS THAT TORUNN & NIC HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU, LIKE THIS INSANE DOUBLE-PAGE SPREAD FEATURING THE VALRAVNS (WHO YOU MAY HAVE CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF IN LAST MONTH'S *TIMELESS ONE-SHOT*) AND THIS INCREDIBLE DESIGN FOR A NEW CREATURE CALLED MIDHOGG.



NEXT:



AND HEY, WE GAVE HUGINN & MUNINN A CHANCE TO CATCH THEIR BREATH AND THINK UP SOME MORE QUIDS, BUT THEY'LL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE, SO KEEP THOSE LETTERS COMING! WRITE TO US AT MHeroes@marvel.com AND DON'T FORGET TO MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT."

